M. Dolomieu tells me Madame de l'Albanie had a son by Alfieri, and it was in consequence of this that the Grand Duke sent her to Rome.

February 1st, 1797.

They are crying about the streets the account the Directory has sent to the councils of an abortive conspiracy of the Royalists to proclaim Louis XVIII., carried on by a *maître de requetes,* a poor foolish fellow, a Baron Poly and an Abbe Brottier, nephew to the Jesuit editor of "Tacitus." The scheme was weaker than water.

I have read the passage you allude to in "Tacitus," and Tersan and I agree that it is *tiré par les cheveux et entortillé,* even too much for him. When one begins to be too old to guess logogriphs, I find one dislikes obscenity and *difficultés vaincues.*

I dined yesterday *en grande compagnie* at a dinner given to me by Perignon, avocat de la Marine. His wife is handsome; she was the only lady there; an American consul and

myself the